





## FLYERS' TRAINING JUST LIKE LIFE IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Eighth Grade Pupils Are  
Moved Along to Higher  
Course

## COLLEGE COMES AT FRONT

Beat of Them Never Get Done  
Learning, According to Wise  
Old Timers

## TRAINING CENTER ON ITS TOES

Western Boom Days Recalled at  
Mudville-In-France Where Our  
Aviators Are Made

Throughout the A.E.F. these are busy days—working out the final touches and putting the finishing touches on Uncle Sam's war making machine—and nowhere is the activity more marked than in the Air Service.

The first references to our aviators at the front have been made in the official communications during the last few days. "Our aviators brought down two hostile machines yesterday," "our airplanes bombed the railroad station and sidings at — last night. Several direct hits

These statements have been modest, dignified and laconic. But they have been momentous in their significance. They tell the message that American aviators have made a beginning. They signify something done, something doing. And this spirit is reflected throughout the whole Air Service.

## Real American Bustle

The American training centers in France are beehives of activity. Machines are in the air, engines are being tuned up. The flyers are flying and the ground men are working. Camps, too, signify something done, something doing. The bustle is the kind that accomplishes things—systematic, efficient, happy, American.

The United States maintains the largest aviation center in France and several smaller ones. At the biggest one most of the A.E.F. flyers get their preliminary and advanced training in the handling of airplanes, and at some of the others they learn the advanced points of the game—machine gunnery, bombing and the like.

"Learning to fly is simple," the instructors say. "Anyone who can run a Ford can run an airplane." They mean merely to fly. But mere flying, and being a military aviator in these days, is widely different. Nearly anybody can learn in a surprisingly short time to take a machine up, make a couple of circles and a landing.

## More Than Mere Flying

Mere flying may be as simple as running an automobile, but circling around over a battlefield observing for artillery with shells bursting near and hostile machines in the air or bombing, or harassing infantry with machine gun fire is much more than mere flying. The successful military aviator is a man trained high in the technique of his craft, with a whole bag of tricks that the old exhibition flyers, for instance, didn't need to know anything about.

Becoming an aviator in the A.E.F. is like going to school all over again. At the biggest training center, simple advanced flying is taught. There are eight fields, like the eight grades of our grammar school, and the beginner starts at the first and completes his course at the eighth.

In the first grade, he runs a "grass cutter." He learns about the motor and the controls and skims around the field getting familiar with the craft. Then he goes to the second field and for the first time gets off the ground. He sails a stable, substantial, foolproof machine and makes "hops." By the time he has passed through the intermediate fields and attained the seventh and eighth grades, he is doing acrobatics in a trim, sensitive little battleplane and flying in squadron formation.

After this he graduates from the grammar school of aviation and is ready for "high school."

At the Airman's High School "High school" is another training center. If the pupil is to be a bomber, he goes to bombing school; if an observer, he attends an observer's school. If he is going in for combat or chase work, he becomes an expert on the machine gun. In any event, the aviator must be more than a mediocre machine gunner.

After "high school" comes "college"—the front. Like all students, the aviator has a lot to learn after he leaves school, and this higher knowledge he gets at his work. At the front he learns fast. One experienced aviator said the other day:

"Most people learn something new every day, but a war time aviator does better than that—he learns two or three things a day, and sometimes a whole lot more."

The largest training camp of the A.E.F.—all of them for that matter—grew quickly. Ten months ago its site was a series of grassy fields dotted with a few wooded stretches and bisected with small gullies. It was eight to ten miles from a railroad.

Late last summer a company of Railway Engineers arrived at the nearest town on the railroad line and began to lay a track out to the projected training center. They met some obstacle in the shape of hills that they didn't bother to surmount—they simply went around—and in a few weeks finished a railroad that got where it started for even if it did go 12 miles to get nine.

## Muddiest Spot in France

Then came more soldiers, mostly Air Service men, who started to work building the training center. These men will tell you that the site was the muddiest section of France last winter (anybody who was anywhere else in France last winter is entitled to sneer at this), but they worked hard and did the job.

Now the air center is a city. There are streets and rows of long barracks, Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross buildings, offices, warehouses—even a round house and a fire department. It is a picture of a boom town in the West. Little locomotives switch cars of freight and supplies up and down Main Street; the general merchandise store, with a Q.M. sign over the door, does a rushing business, and men bustle about in greasy overalls and work clothes as long as there is daylight.

## CANNED MONKEY MEAT DOESN'T SUIT YANKS

Awfully Nice, But They're  
Glad to Leave It for  
Somebody Else

## RATION PARTY SOME TRICK

Chicken and Fresh Milk Aren't  
Unknown, Though, Even in  
Front Line

The days of free forage in a land flowing with milk and honey, as described in this newspaper a fortnight ago, lasted through the first memorable week when the Yankee troops rushed across country to pitch into the Germans at Chateau-Thierry. Then the cooks and supply personnel caught up with the fighters, and ever since the food problem of that sector has been the task of garnishing the French rations issued there.

The staple of that diet is a canned something that the soldiers in their own words call monkey meat, little dreaming that they are not borrowing a name the French themselves had fastened on it long before the war. It has always been called "singe" in these parts.

As a matter of fact, it is Argentine beef, but the ones who do not try to prove that it is really genuine mule will either to you their discovery that it is either boiled or some other South American animal which the natives coax from its lair and drive into the can. The can is then sealed up and stored for 30 years.

## Not Unless They Have To

The Yankees do not care much for it. To be frank about it, they will not eat it at all unless they have to. It is issued, of course, as part of the emergency ration which each man must carry with him (with him in case the communications should be broken, but when it comes up as part of the regular ration supplies, the men up front have been known to let great heaps of the cans accumulate untouched. Over one such heap a front-line man erected a sign which read:

"Awfully nice. Please take one."

No one had accepted the invitation at first. Even in the front line the men are seldom driven to depend on the monkey meat. Every night, somewhere between ten and midnight, a hot meal is served out in quantities sufficiently generous to leave a goodly supply of slum and coffee to make another meal, another meal heated by the little alcohol cans with which each soldier is provided. The hot meal is brought up in the ration carts at night to within a few hundred yards of the line—often a ticklish and exciting journey with the shells bursting all around. Many a ration runner is killed at his job, and more than once in these past weeks a mess sergeant has returned to the ration pile to find the man he had left on guard there lying dead beside it.

## Wrecked Cart Their Salvation

Once in a while a shell hits and carcases a ration cart, and one such well-stocked wreck served in good stead a corporal and six other Marines who, in one forward rush, became isolated in a ravine and held their position there in the shelter of some rocks for a week before the line moved forward and they were with friends once more. Out in the field near the battered ration cart lay on its side, and each night one of the marooned Marines would crawl out on his belly and bring back food for the bunch.

One company was so dissatisfied with the menu served by the ration carts that they repeatedly and cruelly raided enemy lines and came back with the enemy chow.

The whole ration question, from the soldier's point of view, has settled down into the problem of devising ways and means of avoiding a meal of monkey meat.

One battalion of Infantry is jealously guarding an old French wicker cradle in which 60 four-week-old chicks are growing up into a promising mess. One of them, hit by a bit of shrapnel, has lost a leg, but hops valiantly around on the remaining one like a small and downy stork.

Watch Those Artillerymen

One company of Engineers is tenderly cherishing a cow which issues them milk every day. They keep an eye on her for fear the Artillery roughnecks in the next wood will steal her in the night and make her issue them once and for all four fine quarters of fresh beef.

Another cow was caught by some Marines in a ravine. Whoever had been her owner had long since fled that part of the world, and she was theirs for the killing. But none of them had the heart. So they took her out in No Man's Land and tied her there, knowing that a German run would soon do their dirty work for them.

But the gentle bovine seemed to lead a charmed life, for the rising sun of the third day disclosed her still browsing, contented and intact. Whereupon the hungry Marines rose and went forth and slew her. And that night there was great feasting and rejoicing in the camp of the Marines.

## FRANCE'S PREMIER COMFORTS MOTHER

## GIVES LIFE FOR SCIENCE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 27.—Major Eugene Wilson Caldwell, M.O.R.C., is dead at Roosevelt Hospital, New York, a martyr to science.

A noted X-ray specialist, he had suffered for many years from burns incurred in developing the ray for the sake of humanity.

He had just completed an invention for the Government which will reveal with great exactness the location of foreign substances in the body.

## THE WEEK'S BATTLE LINE

The week ending Wednesday, June 26, witnessed the spectacular defeat of the Austrian offensive in Italy.

That offensive, to which the greater part of the Austrian army was dedicated and which was made at all, according to opinion in the Allied capitals, only on the stern insistence of Berlin, was launched on June 15 on a front of 100 kilometers from the Asiago River to the sea. The plan was to capture Treviso and Venice, overrun the northern end of the peninsula, and nullify Italy as a factor in the Alliance.

Opposed to the Austro-Hungarian forces, re-inforced this time by no German contingents, were Italian, French and British divisions. America was represented by bombing aviators, who shared in the destruction of the Piave bridges. The offensive started badly. The resistance was immediate, the Allied forces in the mountain area counter-attacking on the second and third days with such success that the Austrian right was decimated and hurled back. Along the Piave, however, the Austrians succeeded in crossing at three sectors, notably Montebelluna and San Dona.

Their positions there proved untenable, thanks to the fierce counter-attacks of the Italians, happily reinforced by the Piave itself, whose swollen waters swept away bridge after bridge and thus left helpless and stranded the enemy divisions which had gained a footing on the right bank.

On Sunday, those divisions began a disordered retreat, and by Tuesday the right bank was cleared of their survivors. Wednesday brought the news that the Italian cavalry had crossed to the left bank in full pursuit.

Venice had assigned 60 divisions to the Italian offensive. Of these 40 have been identified as sharing in the battle. The Italians took 20,000 prisoners in the first 10 days and Rome estimates the enemy losses at over 200,000, or more than four times the Italian losses.

The week witnessed no major change in the battle line in France.

On the front between Soissons and Rheims, two German attacks on Bligny Hill, near Rheims, were vigorously repulsed by Italian troops.

The American communiqués during the week reported a German raid repulsed in the Voivre and gas attacks there and in Lorraine. Further minor advances in the region northwest of Chateau-Thierry were reported on June 24 and June 25, but rather than a German counter-attack south of Torcy. On Tuesday evening an American attack south of Torcy yielded 240 prisoners, five of them officers, 19 machine guns and other material.

## CAPTURED MARINE BACK WITH YANKS

Continued from Page 1

the only American save for five or six wounded Yanks he once saw carried past him on stretchers—he was not made one of a party of prisoners to be shipped down to the rear, but rather was he handed back from group to group and made to work his way.

From sun-up to sun-down he worked with the camouflage men, masking batteries, cutting branches, and piling bough on bough of leafy green to screen the roadside heaps of ammunition boxes.

Shared Captors' Mess

He had no blankets to roll in at night, but his captors shared their mess with him, pouring out each time an unsavory soup or gruel, and tossing him chunks of coarse bread to sop it up with.

Each day a different soldier took him in. Each day the shifting soles of the artillery told him he was gravitating slowly toward the rear. Each night an armed guard watched over him.

Then one night—the seventh—the guard, who sat huddled with his back resting against a tree, dropped off to sleep. Dark was just settling over the patch of woods on the edge of which they had turned in. By moonlight, that filtered down through the branches, he could see the guard's head nodding, nodding. He tched to get his hands on the rifle, but the guard was holding it up right between his knees as a sort of prop. Donahue was afraid even to try to disengage it.

He groped about for a weapon. His hand landed on the short, light end of a broken pick-handle. It wouldn't do. He looked for the other piece, found it, hefted it. It would do. With that piece of wood he took one vicious swing at the head of the guard, saw that nodding head stop nodding and slump forward. Then Donahue went away from there.

Woods Thick With Them

All around him Germans were sleeping audibly. The woods were full of them. He had heard the unintelligible, gradually subsiding hubbub of their talk as they settled down for the night. He bumped into more than one of them, but they only grunted and swore while he held his breath and after a time, crept on. After a journey that seemed to last hours and must have lasted at least ten minutes, he reached the edge of the woods and crawled under a bush to think.

Very close to him the German artillery was making an occasional crashing reply to the Allied shells which whirled nally overhead in an unending chorus. Gunfire is as good as a compass. It was easy enough to take his bearings, and, though he could only guess how far he had moved in the days of his captivity, he thought "America" could not be more than eight kilometers away, perhaps not that far if the bunch had advanced any in the interval.

He knew his only chance was to crawl there by night and lie low by day. He started out.

All that night he crept along—hugging the hedgerows and the shadows, stopping to listen, lying still as death when soldiers were tramping by, crawling on again, dropping flat, crawling on. All the next day he lay, hungry and thirsty, in a friendly out-field, with the grain standing straight around him so that no one would notice him from the field's edge.

Several times some soldiers made short cuts across, and passed so close he could hear them talking. Once an artilleryman, riding a horse and leading another,

## GRANDE MAISON de BLANC

LONDON PARIS CANNES  
No Branch in New York  
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY,  
Ladies' Lingerie  
LOUVET BROS., Props. O. BOYER, Manager

## A Line from Home

We hope that this little advertisement, put here by the makers of such well known writing papers as Eaton's Highland Linen and Crane's Linen Lawn, will seem to you like a line from home. It is intended to show interest in you and your welfare and to give a little support to the newspaper published in France.

Lafayette, when he came to this country and offered his sword to the American Colonists fighting for liberty, little dreamed that the day would come when a newspaper named The Stars and Stripes, and printed in the American language, would circulate in France among so many native born Americans as now make up the subscription list of The Stars and Stripes.

## Eaton, Crane & Pike Company

New York Pittsfield, Mass. U.S.A.

## BALL PLAYERS SAY THEY'RE PRODUCTIVE

Work or Fight Order Raises  
Hob with Elevator  
Men and Waiters

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 27.—The War Department has explained and amplified its famous "work or fight" order, under which all men of draft age must engage in work held to be productive or join the Army. Waiters, elevator men, doormen, footmen, carriage openers and similar employees of apartment houses, clubs, and hotels are held to be non-productive, as are also domestics, sales clerks and men in similar occupations.

It is estimated that in New York City alone 40,000 will be affected. The hotel men thought in their haste that they could use girl waiters, but were suddenly confronted with a neat little section in the State excise law that bars girls from handling or serving liquor. One can readily foresee a great hunt for antique male waiters.

The ball players heatedly argue that they are productive, and the magnates acclaim the immense value of baseball to the morale of the nation—and also the incredible sums paid as income tax, to say nothing of the Liberty bonds bought by the players and managers.

The authorities have refrained from a decision and the magnates are keeping their fingers crossed in the hope that the powers on high will not kill the national game.

## When in LONDON You will Stay at the WALDORF HOTEL

Aldwych, Strand  
As in the days of peace so in the days of war, it is the best and the most economical hotel in the West End.  
E. LUCARINI  
Late of the Hotel Lotti, Paris, General Manager  
TELEGRAMS: WALDORFUS, LONDON

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You have come to the Home of

## Perrier

Delicious with lemon, sirops, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK  
IT  
TO-DAY

PARIS, 36th Boulevard Haussmann

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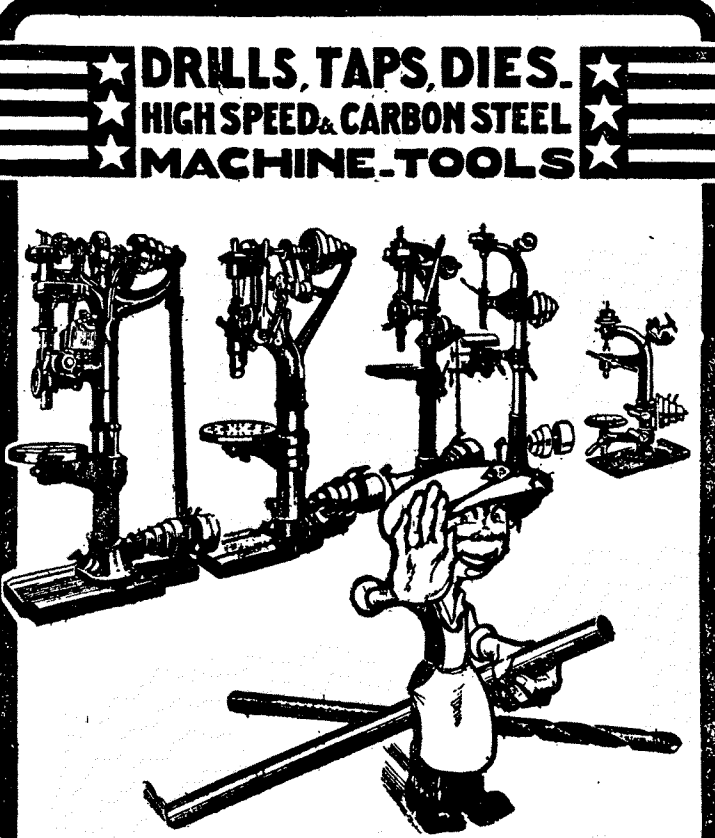
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The First that imports the New York Successes and REEKS them Successful in London.  
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Shaftesbury Avenue—Gerrard: 3243  
"BE CAREFUL, BABY!"  
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WITH HELSN RAYMOND  
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Every Evening at 8. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.  
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"YES, UNCLE!"  
(Much the Most Successful Musical Comedy in London)  
With the famous company and super-beauty-chorus that was recently transferred from the Gaiety Theatre, lock, stock, and barrel.  
NOTE: American Soldiers on leave in London will enjoy best, and should visit first, GROSSMITH & LAURILLARD'S show. This firm imports all the most popular New York successes, and stages them in London on American lines and with American disregard of expense.

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**MIRTH & MELODY**  
A Burlesque in 3 scenes.  
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THE MOST PALATIAL PICTURE THEATRE IN EUROPE  
All the Latest 5-Act  
Dramas, Comedies, etc.  
Changes Mondays, Thursdays and Sundays.  
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## QUIET WEEK ON ORPHAN SECTOR; ONLY 18 TAKEN

Lull Only Presages Opening of Smashing Franco Offensive

### AIRMEN AGAIN TO THE FORE

Y.M. Secretary Qualifies for Individual Honors as Booster—S.S.U. Heard from

#### TAKEN THIS WEEK

Lt. J. K. Jr.	1
— Aero Squadron	1
Herbert H. Knox, New York	1
3rd Plat., Co. C. Field Sig Bn.	1
Enlisted Men, Battery 1st	1
Y.M.C.A. Base Hosp. No. 8	1
Co. D. — Balloon Squadron	2
— Aero Squadron	1
Co. B. Hdqrs. Bn., G.H.Q.	1
Co. B. — Supply Train	1
Co. E. 6th Bn. — Engineers	1
Aero Squadron	1
Bellevue Camp, Co. B. — Engineers	1
S.S.U. — Convois Autos.	1
S.S.U. — Convois Autos.	1
Repair Section, U.S.S.	1
Major Newbold Morris, O.D.	1
Previously adopted	300
Total	318

It was a quiet week on the orphan sector. There was nothing but local actions.

The airmen—balloon and plane—did some reconnoitering and took a few mascots. The Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8 sent in for its third, a New Yorker heard about the scheme and forwarded a draft for 500 francs, two Sanitary Corps units got busy for one each, and a naval repair section running between France and the States asked for one.

Otherwise there is not much to report. All told, requests were received for 15 orphan-mascots, running the total of THE STARS AND STRIPES family of fatherless and homeless children up to 318.

The progress was below the average of the last five or six weeks, during which the number of requests for orphans ranged from 24 to 32. But it wasn't a very noticeable slump—just a lull bound to occur, probably, in the best regulated orphan campaigns.

We expect big things in the future, though, with all the regular service honors in the orphan campaign. "45,000 in one convoy." We've been reading those headlines. Eight hundred thousand soldiers in France—that we know of—and only 318 orphans adopted! If these newcomers don't get busy pretty quick, we'll have something to say about it.

**In Line for Individual Honors**  
W. I. Kelsey, secretary of the Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8, has qualified for a distinguished service honors in the orphan campaign. He makes collections at the Y.M.C.A. meetings and has a box for donations in the canteen.

Up to last Sunday he had gathered enough for the support of two children for a year, and at the regular Sunday night meeting he explained the scheme and, before departing, the gathering contributed a round 500 francs for a third.

The adoption of a child each by three Aero Squadrons and two by a Balloon Squadron places the airmen second only to the infantry in the number of children adopted. Balloon Squadrons alone have taken nearly a score during the last three weeks.

The first 500-franc contribution to be received from the United States was from Herbert H. Knox of 50 Broadway, New York City.

"I heard it was possible to fill any specifications," wrote Mr. Knox, "and I want to suggest a boy of about seven whose father has fallen in battle and whose name is Samuel, which is the name of my youngest son."

The Red Cross committee which selects the children found a "Samuel," children of a specified Christian name can usually be adopted by the Red Cross, but it sometimes takes a deal of searching to find them and adopters are asked not to specify the names of prospective mascots unless there is some strong sentimental reason.

Specifications as to age, sex, complexion and color of hair can be filled, however—except those calling for red hair, of course, and for six year old girls, of which there is a temporary dearth.

**All Attending School**  
Reports from the children adopted indicate that the timely material aid afforded them is not the only result of most of the adoptions. Assured of food and a home for a year, the mascots, if they are old enough to understand, take their adoption as a very important event and make the most of the opportunity of schooling afforded.

Every child of school age who has been allotted to A.E.F. units is attending school, and the knowledge that they are the wards of *les Américains* has had a noticeably stimulating influence on their study.

The boys are inclined, at first, to be a little bit dazzled by having a unit of American soldiers as a parrain. In their particular circle they are the aristocracy of French boyhood. They outshadow millionaire sons and girls' favorites and, upon learning of their selection, behave, usually, as an American youth would act if he had just been presented with a four ring circus.

One such youth received a present of 10 francs direct from his new god-fathers. Did he buy a new pair of trousers with it, or lay it away toward a pair of much needed shoes? He did not. He bought a toy car pulled for six francs and four francs worth of caps painted his face like an Indian and, in imagination, killed every other youth in that part of the country. He was going to be a cowboy, he explained, and was getting ready for his career.

It wasn't until he received a letter from his parrain expressing the hope that "he was getting along well with his studies" that he quieted down. But when he got the tip that he was expected to make progress with his books, he declared that he would become the best student in the class—and he did.

#### FORMER BALL STARS IN GAME

Forty thousand persons turned out to see Jack Barry's Navy team play against Jacquin's Camp Derens nine, the score being 5 to 1 in favor of the Naval Reserves.

Ernie Shore pitched for the victors, allowing only six hits. In the team lineup were Wirt, Barry, Gainer, Shorten, Walsh, Maraville and Shore, all former big league stars.

## ON GUARD IN ALSACE



## HUNDRED MILLION IS AIM OF OCTOBER Y.M.C.A. CAMPAIGN

Continued from Page 1

France and England. Actually \$55,000,000 was raised, of which \$20,000,000 was appropriated to overseas work.

Of this last-named sum about a million was devoted to the Foyers du Soldat in the French Army. A little went to work in Italy. Three million was for work in Russia, and the Y.M. isn't yet quite sure what to do with the rest of three million. The rest—over \$15,000,000—has been devoted to work among American soldiers on foreign service.

It was this fund which built up the Y.M. organization in France. The building up process had to go down to bed rock. The Government gave nothing but its approval, and nothing more was asked. Unofficially, the Government and the Y have helped each other considerably. The Y bought building material and set up its huts, stocked them, provided secretaries, transported its stuff to the huts from the bases. In fact, the Y's bills began to mount even before the stuff reached the bases, for ocean freight rates are high these days.

#### Canteens Close to Front

The Y.M. is at present pushing its canteens close to the front as army authorities will allow. The newly-evolved knapsack canteen, consisting of two Y secretaries, two enlisted men, and as many sacks filled with cigarettes, tobacco, pipes, chocolate, writing paper, magazines and towels as the quarters can carry, already transports material to the front line and out to advanced machine guns and listening posts beyond. This work will be greatly extended when the new fund begins to roll in.

The present canteen system is conducted at a slight loss, and the canteens to come will be self-conducted also. A canteen proprietor who reports a profit loses himself in very Dutch at Y headquarters. The shrinkage which headquarters expects and provides for is about five per cent. If it gets as high as ten, headquarters asks questions.

There are, of course, exceptions. The secretary who found 700 men going up into the line hungry and smokeless, having outdistanced their supply, and who rode 15 miles and back to bring them all chocolate, cookies and cigarettes, will report a loss of more than ten per cent, but headquarters will probably write him a congratulatory note.

#### Transportation Big Item

One of the great expenses items, and one that is mounting all the time, is transportation, and to this one item much of the new fund will have to be devoted. The transportation of the Army hither and yon in France, the many and far-separated American fronts, make the problem a serious one, but one not so unsolvable as it is expensive.

The growth of the Army in France, and the Y.M.'s resolve to keep pace with that growth and more, will mean a large addition to its personnel of secretaries. Most of these will be business and professional men between 35 and 45—unless the draft limit goes up to 40, in which case the Y will fire out many more. At present men are coming over faster than they have ever come before. Recently a party of 200 came over, a record number.

The Y.W.C.A. will also wage a campaign to raise a fund of \$15,000,000 in October to carry on its war activities.

#### HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adopting units.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

Photographs and the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be notified of the child's whereabouts and advised monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

#### HUSKIEST OLD MEN

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
AMERICA, June 27.—Northern Pennsylvania claims the five huskiest old men in existence.

It points proudly to Edwin Grimes, 87, who cut and stored 20 tons of hay, stored 120 bushels of winter apples, made maple syrup and tended a vegetable garden in order to replace young men at the front.

It points to Walter Butler, 84, who raised half a ton of pork, milked four cows, cut 40 acres of hay and oats and harvested 100 bushels of potatoes.

Three other huskies, aged 85, 82 and 80 respectively, are also running farms in order to help their country win the war.

## ZEBRA STRIPES OFF CHOW CARTS

Solid Colors Will Replace Rattlesnake Trimmings to Economize Paint

Zebra stripes on chow carts are to be a thing of the past for some time anyway.

The powers-that-be have come to the conclusion that "the effectiveness of this painting is very slight," and so one of the most overworked words in the army, already a trifle little rest, you guessed it: Camouflage.

Solid, dull colors are to replace the rattlesnake patterns in future, it is announced, since it has been proven that they melt into the atmosphere pretty nearly as well as do the more motley contraptions, sometimes better.

Furthermore, all requests for camouflage by organizations in a division are henceforth to be shot up to the division engineer, who will put his camouflage officer on the job and see what kind of concealment will be most effective. Nor that the new regulations will put the camouflage corps out of work. It will probably have to work all the harder. The reason for the changes, and the curtailing of gaudiness, may be summed up in just these words: Economize paint.

#### NOT WANTED IN ARMY

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
AMERICA, June 27.—A convict who is serving 20 years on a manslaughter charge for strangling his lady friend has offered to enter the Army in exchange for a pardon. Governor Whitman of New York has declined the offer.

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## "AMERICA'S ANSWER" SHOWN ON SCREEN

Film Presented in Paris Is Given Enthusiastic Reception

### FOLKS IN STATES TO SEE IT

Base Ports, Front Line, Patrols and Campaign Hats Are All Displayed

With the 6th Cavalry Band playing the national hymns of the world's two greatest republics and then getting the audience in voice with "Over There" and "When Yankee Doodle Starts to March," with Marshal Joffre, General Tasker H. Bliss, the ambassadors of Great Britain and the United States, and a host of notables looking on and with several truck-loads of wounded Yanks present to corroborate the title, "America's Answer to the Hun," the first official American war movie, was shown Wednesday afternoon at the Gaumont Palace, Paris.

The setting was one of the most impressive in which a motion picture show has ever been presented. The big auditorium, said to be the largest cinema theater in the world, was filled with a throng of spectators that included members of most of the armies now fighting for the Allies.

Just America's afternoon, however. The thousands of Parisians who watched and waited at the theater entrance to cheer arriving notables saved their wildest enthusiasm for two things. One was the advent of Marshal Joffre. The other was the ambulance loads of wounded Yanks.

#### Shows What We're Doing

But the enthusiasm was not all on the outside. The 6th Cavalry Band and the film got their share. "America's Answer to the Hun," produced under the direction of E. B. Hartick and G. J. Hubbell for the Committee of Public Information, presents as much of America's share in the war as 4,000 feet of film can hope to do. It is now going back to the States and will be shown in every Allied country.

From the busy dockside of base ports and war depots far behind the battle lines, the scene is abruptly shifted to the front line trench, and out beyond, for one of the film's thrillers is a few minutes' visit to a daylight patrol in the wooded swamps of No Man's Land.

Everything got a little people felt that way. Two black cooks shaking hands between the windows of a suspicious hospital train, nurses disembarking on French soil, the 104th Regiment receiving the Croix de Guerre on its standard, thousands of Ford's grouped in an S.O.S. park, even peace and acres of bacon, butter and sun-tobacco in the shelter of several miles of Yankee-built warehouses—all these were applauded with beating enthusiasm.

But the most fervent applause was that which always greeted the ranks of marching men, rifles on shoulders, packs on backs, going up into the line.

The French orchestra showed its appreciation of American music by showering the band with roses. When, though, the film began to chronicle the activities of a salvage depot, more than one sigh went up as thousands upon thousands of pile upon pile of extinct campaign hats were pictured in all the glory of defunctness. It was the only touch of sadness in the two hour show.

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## G.O.P. WILL FIGHT FORD'S CANDIDACY

Lewis Seems Stronger in New York—Minnesota Surprise

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
AMERICA, June 27.—The Republicans apparently will fight Henry Ford's candidacy to succeed William Allen Smith as senator from Michigan, and Ford says in return that pacifists can do some fighting themselves when necessary.

Merton Lewis, attorney-general of the State of New York, looks up stronger daily as an opponent of Governor Whitman for the New York gubernatorial nomination, and Whitman's adversaries have forced Republican State Chairman Glynn to accede to a Republican conference at Saratoga, which will be practically a convention, though officially called a conference.

Governor J. A. Burnquist has won the primary election for the Republican nomination for governor of Minnesota, defeating Charles A. Lindberg, the National Non-Partisan League candidate, by over 50,000, much to the surprise of the country, which knew the strength of the League and its extraordinary political successes in many States of recent years. United States Senator Knut Nelson, candidate for the Republican senatorial nomination, defeated James A. Peterson of Minneapolis by 182,000.

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ALFORD	Colonel Bogey	March
ALFORD	The Great Little Army	March
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FINCK	The Passing Show	Selection
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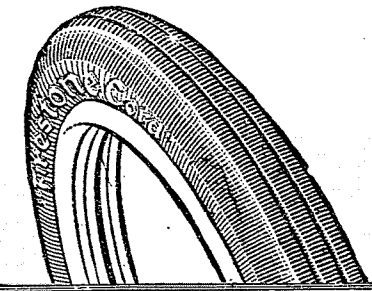
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FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1918.

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

The Y.M.C.A. will soon go up and down the highways of America in a campaign to raise a new bank account, for their working fund must grow apace with our Army in France. They will ask a hundred million dollars—a hundred million to be gathered in sums large and small, from the ever generous pockets of the folks back home.

We hope they get it. It means new shelters and new stages for Elsie Janis and those who are to follow in her fancy steps. It means movies and music, huts and hospitality, chocolate and cheer.

We hope, too, that the over-zealous will not be suffered this time to raise any fraction of that fortune on false pretenses; that no effort will be made to pry open pious purses by means of alarming stories about the iniquities of Army life, which—in matters of clean-living—is, after all, rather more decent than civilian life. Memory brings vividly to our minds the strains of a hymn, which, by an odd coincidence, was sung to the air of "Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand," and of which the climactic verse intoned this sentiment:

Lift up the Red Triangle  
Against the things that main—  
It conquers losses, the wrecker,  
It slays the house of shame.

We most devoutly hope that no old ladies of either sex will be beguiled into contributing a single centime to that \$100,000,000 in the delusion that, without our brothers of the Red Triangle, the A.E.F. would relapse into a riotous group of venereal drunkards.

## ALSACE

A thrill was felt to the uttermost reaches of the A.E.F., a thrill must have stirred every heart back home, at the news that American troops were holding a sector of the Allied line in Alsace.

From that dark day nearly half a century ago when Alsace and Lorraine were wrested from humiliated France as part of Bismarck's booty, the lost provinces have stood in modern history as the symbol of military oppression. That symbol gained in sinister significance as the closing months of 1914 showed all the world that once again the Prussian bully meant to seize and hold and govern a helpless people against their will.

It is the first chapter in the gospel of President Wilson that the treaty of peace which will conclude this war shall suffer no such injustice, no other such breeder of bitterness and fear, shall recognize no such thing in modern times as a country held captive, a population held prisoner.

To emphasize this argument, America has already sent across the Atlantic the largest army that ever crossed an ocean. Thence it will add, please God, enough contingents to make the point quite clear, for the only language that the Hohenzollerns understand is the language of the guns. They must be told that the lost provinces are no lost cause, and this the thunder of mountain artillery in the echoing mountains of Alsace is saying now in accents unmistakable.

## CHERCHEZ LA TETE ROUGE

Has anybody around France seen any red headed orphans?

If so, THE STARS AND STRIPES would like to know it. To date we have denied that there are any, but several requests for them, coming to the war orphan department, have raised the suspicion that maybe we are wrong—that maybe somebody has seen some. We haven't been able to find any and neither has the Red Cross.

We think we are being kidded, but we are not sure. In the meantime, the orphan department would like to enlist the A.E.F. in a red headed orphan hunt.

## WILHELM OWNS UP

The Kaiser is speaking:  
"When the war broke out, the German people did not clearly realize what it meant, but I knew quite well, and the first outburst of enthusiasm neither blinded me nor made any change in my plans or calculations."

"I fully realized that England's participation meant a world war. It was not to be a strategic campaign, but a struggle between two conceptions of the world—either the Prussian and Germanic conception of right, liberty, honor and morals must continue to be respected or the English conception must triumph. These two conceptions were diametrically opposed. One of them must be overcome, and it could not be done in a few weeks or months or even a year. This was very clear to me."

"This was very clear to me," Mark well the words of the War Lord. For it was none other than the Kaiser who, in August, 1914, promised the German women that their husbands and sons would be back from the war before the leaves had fallen from the trees that coming autumn.

The Kaiser now comes out in the open. He admits that he tricked his own people, that he lied to all the world when he declared that Germany had taken up arms "to free Europe of the Slavic menace" of Russia, and for that reason only. He confesses outright that the war was launched to put the "made-in-Germany" brand on the earth; that it was a war for world-wide German domination; that it has been, all along, just the kind of a war that his enemies have said it was.

"The Prussian and Germanic conception of right, liberty, honor and morals," the men at the front know that there is no right, liberty, honor or morals in the Boche who will play the "kammerad" trick, bomb hospitals, maltreat prisoners, and ravish the women of an invaded country. They know that there is no health in him, or in his masters.

"One of them must be overcome," Yes, Kaiser Wilhelm. That is why we're over here.

## 1776-1918

One hundred and forty-two years ago this coming Thursday, a little band of Americans gathered together in a stuffy upstairs room in Philadelphia and set their names to a document that was destined to change the history of the world. The document set forth "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It further declared "that, to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," and added, "that, whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it."

So affirming, the signers of that document proceeded solemnly to "publish and declare, That the United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States . . . and that as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do." And, for the support of that declaration, so they wrote, "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, We mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor."

They launched their protest and levied their war against exactly the thing which their descendants are fighting today: "The establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States." They asserted, and with reason that their "repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury," just as their descendants, who also strive to keep the peace, were answered by the ruthless Government of Germany. And they maintained in regard to the king whose yoke they threw off—even as the Americans of today maintain in regard to the king they are fighting: "A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people."

In 1918 as in 1776, the cause of America is the same.

## THE PROVING

A regiment that delivered some of the most smashing blows at Chateau-Thierry came out of the battle with new ideas as to who were the best among its leaders. The men swear now by a captain they had all cursed for his severity in the tedious days of training, and a captain who, in those days, was a genial, easy-going favorite, is a favorite no longer.

One grim sergeant whose name used to be a hissing and a byword among the privates he afflicted is the hero of his company today. One fussy, prim old-time non-com whom the contemptuous lunks of a later vintage used to call "Granny" is only a memory—the memory of a soldier who fought like the very devil and who died, at last, magnificently.

You never can tell. Battle ever was and is now the acid test of the soldier. Until that test has been passed, we do not know our fellows. We do not know ourselves.

## SHOP TALK

You remember how you used to walk two blocks out of your way back home to get away from the man who wanted to "talk shop" after office hours? You recall how you used to plead an engagement and lie valiantly, whenever he sidled up to you of an evening and started in on costs, production, maintenance, and—horrors of horrors!—"efficiency"? When you were through with work, you wanted to be through—quit—final; you didn't want to hear a blooming thing about your job or anybody else's. And nobody could justly blame you.

But over here? Shop talk in the morning, shop talk at noon, shop talk well into the watches of the night. Always is there something to be learned from somebody who has just been somewhere, always is there something to be told to somebody who hasn't been where you have been. And most of it is useful and comes in mighty handy when tackling the next job of war.

A curse in peace time, shop talk in war time is an absolute necessity. You can't know too much about the job you're on now—the biggest and most important that ever a man had put up to him.

## USE YOUR BEAN

Three Americans were riding in a French train. They had the compartment to themselves, save for one other man, a civilian, who for all they knew was a Frenchman. As a matter of fact, he was an Englishman. That is how we got the story.

Two of the Americans began to talk to each other in German. It might have been first year high school German or it might have been *wirklich Berliner*, the dialect the Kaiser talks to God in. But it was German.

"You'd better cut it," said the third American. "This is France. Use your bean."

If you know any German, hang on to it. It is as valuable to know your enemy's tongue as it is to know your friend's. But the place to polish up your acquaintance with your enemy's language is not your friend's train.

## The Army's Poets

### THE DRIVER

I'm a slouch and a slop and a shuffer,  
And my ears, they are covered with hair,  
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse—  
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."  
But my off horse, she shines like a countess,  
And my high made the general's mule,  
And they pull like twin bats fresh from Hades,  
And they're quick as a demon's wink.

Oh, it's often I'm late at formations,  
And it's taps I completely disdain,  
And my bunk, it brings round the captain,  
And the coolies are at me again.  
But when there's a piece in the mire,  
With her muzzle just rumbling the muck,  
Then it's haste for me and my "nueles"—  
If they don't they are S.O. of luck.

And when there's some route that's receiving  
Its tender regards from the Hun,  
Then we gallop hell bent for election  
To our duty of feeding the guns.  
The gas, the H.E., and the burning ray,  
They brighten our path as they burst,  
But they've never got me or my chevrons—  
They'll have to catch up to us first.

I'm a slouch and a slop and a shuffer,  
And my ears they are covered with hair,  
And I frequent inhabit the guardhouse—  
I'll be "priv" until "fini la guerre."  
But my horses, they neigh when I'm coming,  
And my sarge knows how hefty they drag,  
And the cap, lent me ten francs this mornin'—  
Here's to him an' to me an' the flag!

F.M.H.D. F.A.

### TRENCH POEMS

#### I—On the Fire Step

The sun goes down and a hill,  
For half an hour all is still.  
The sky grows dark, the stars appear—  
We watch the moon through cloudlets steer.

We hear the rumble of the wheels  
Of ration-cars, with store for meals,  
And then a flare's green dancing ray  
Turns brooding night to broad mid-day.

Next, we can hear machine guns fire—  
They cut into the fire's barbed wire—  
One hundred rounds, and then they cease:  
Again is No Man's Land at peace.

In dugouts deep the tired men snore  
While big rats run across the floor,  
And one man crawls from left to right—  
'Tis hard to sleep when cooties bite!

The breeze wafts over No Man's Land  
The martial strains of a martial band;  
The Huns, no doubt, rejoice in gloe  
Over tales of transports sunk at sea.

But our guns spit that German band—  
The gas shells scream over No Man's Land  
For fifteen minutes, then all's still,  
And—no more music behind the hill!

Day now breaks; our shift is done,  
For daylight fights here not the Hun,  
We thank our stars—an easy rest:  
'Tis quiet night on the Western Front!

Sgt. JOHN S. CURTIN, Hides Co., Inf.

### THE NEW ARMY

Who are those soldiers  
Who go marching down?  
They're the young fellows  
Of your old home town.

The butcher's son, the baker's,  
His Honor's lad, too;  
The old casual mixture  
Of Gentile and Jew.

Don't they march manly!  
Ay, they step light;  
And soon they'll be  
Yell see they're out right!

It. R. KIRK, S.S.U. 648.

### CAMOUFLAGE

They tell us tales of camouflage,  
The art of hiding things;  
Of painted forts and lowered guns  
Invisible to wandering eyes.

Well, it's nothing new to us,  
To us, the rank and file;  
We understand this camouflage—  
We left home with a smile.

We saw the painted battleships  
And earthen-colored trains,  
And planes that line of leaden skies  
And came—hid—hid—hid.

Well, we used the magic art  
That day of anxious fears;  
We understood this camouflage—  
We laughed away our tears.

They say that scientific men  
And artists of renown  
Debated long of camouflage  
Before they got it down.

Well, it came right off to us,  
We didn't have to learn;  
We understood this camouflage—  
We said we'd soon return.

We understand this camouflage,  
This art of hiding things;  
It's what's behind a soldier's jokes  
And all the songs he sings.

Yes, it's nothing new to us,  
To us, the rank and file;  
We understand this camouflage—  
We left home with a smile.

### THE MUMPS

I once thought that war was a terrible thing,  
That France was a helluva spot,  
That once you arrived you were all out of luck,  
With worry and trouble your lot.

But life's not as bad as some figure it is,  
Providing you're there for the jumps.  
For here I'm taking it easy in bed,  
And all that I've got is the mumps.

My right jaw resembled a misplaced balloon,  
My skin was preparing to burst;  
They said I was due for a "swell" time, at least.

And told me to look for the worst.  
But as quick as it rose, just as quick did it die,  
'Ere yet I had a hot and cold.

And while I'm taking it easy in bed,  
They think I am sick with the mumps.

I'm getting my eggs every morning with toast,  
The regiment's feasting on rice,  
They ship me a steak for a starter at noon,  
And fix it in ways that are nice.

Confounded at supper and breakfast and pie,  
A lurch till I double in jumps.  
For I know they are getting their shins back  
And here I am "sick" with the mumps.

The revolve blade never worries me much,  
I'm looking for the best way,  
We never a bullet in the back impales,  
"Well, how are you feeling today?"

There's no morning drill and I don't stand re-treat—  
Say, this is the happiest of mumps!  
But the fellows are sending their sorrow and such,  
Because I am "down with the mumps!"

Li. M. COVLE SHIP, F.A.

### C'EST LA GUERRE

There was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He batted some three hundred odd,  
He was there for size.

He weighed a hundred and eighty-five,  
With not an ounce of fat;  
This wise boy joined the Q.M. Corps—  
Now whaddaya think of that?

There was another man in town  
Who never earned a cent,  
For Mother bought the cigarettes  
And Father paid the rent.

He was as thin as Campbell's soup,  
Could hardly lift his hat;  
They picked him for the Infantry—  
Now whaddaya think of that?

But after six months' office work,  
The Samson got fatter;  
His collar stood out from his neck,  
And he began to cough.

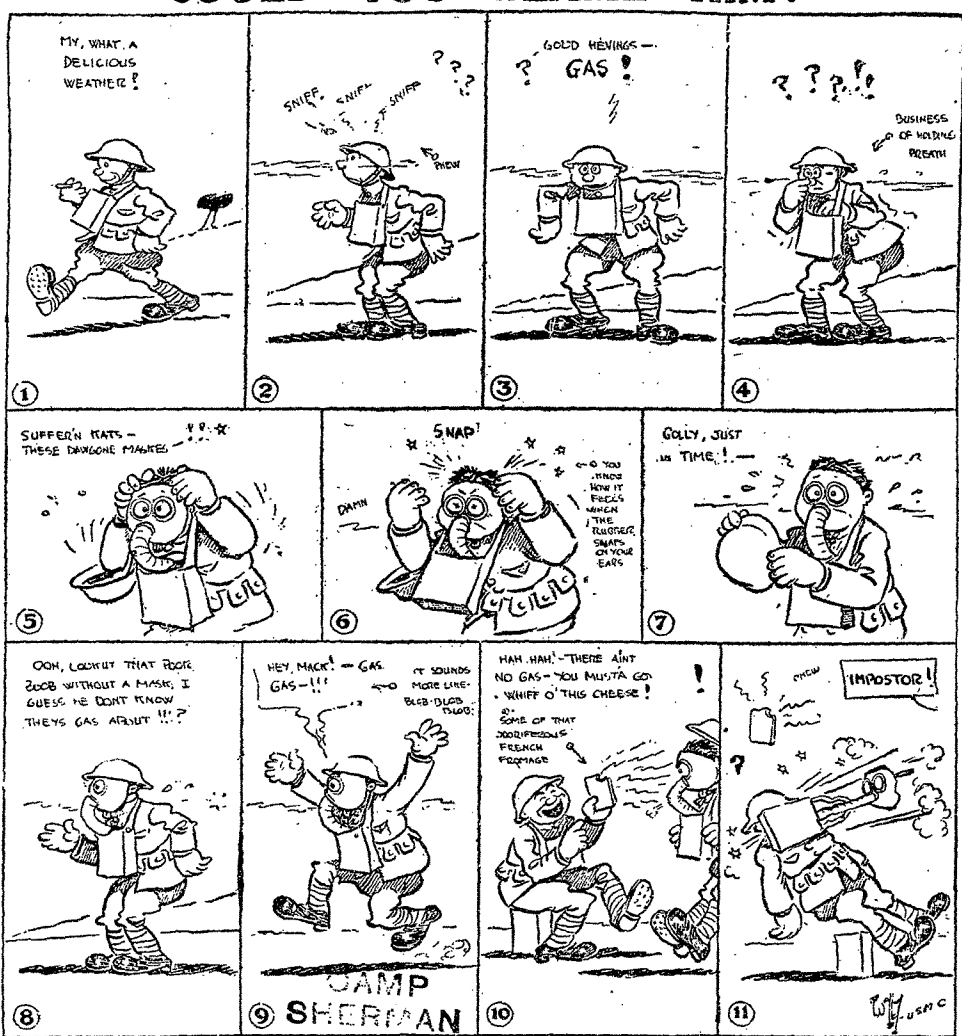
He swung a pen from morn till night,  
And right from where he sat,  
Dragged heavy letters 'cross his desk—  
Now whaddaya think of that?

They put the light boy in a camp  
And fed him up on slum,  
Till he became a human being  
And learned to cuss, by gum.

The big pinkie in the Infantry—  
And down and out and flat;  
The doughboy's got the "Qua Dee Gare"—  
Now whaddaya think of that?

F. A. M., Jr.

## COULD YOU BLAME HIM?



## AN ARMY SUNDAY IN FRANCE

If you're in luck enough to be what our French friends call *en repos* after doing a trick up front; if you're out of luck enough to be quartered in one of those feverishly energetic "rest" camps of which our British cousins are so fond; if you're just plain occupied in an American training area back of the lines; or, if you've just landed and are just sort of feeling your way around the country—what do you do on Sunday?

First, admitted and unadmitted: What do you do on a summer Sunday in France, provided you're not on K.P., on guard, on fatigue detail, moving boxes, or cleaning things up for an inspection? For, as you well know, somebody has to do all those things on Sunday as well as every other day; and, just as often as not, it's apt to be your turn to do them.

But supposing the C.O. has rushed you so hard during the week that there is a whole day off, or even a whole half day off, looning up for Sunday; supposing the list of details on the bulletin board does not, by some miraculous chance, contain your name; supposing that you are able to duck your duty sergeant when he comes rushing around for "three volunteers to help move them crates"—when you get your day off or your half day off, what do you do with it?

Of course, a good deal depends on where you are when Sunday comes around, and on what attractions the countryside or city-side has to offer the person or the Y.M. man's staples. But in general, after all the possibilities have been exhausted in planning, you know mighty well what you do, in the end. You either walk, sleep, or write. Sometimes you can work in all three.

Yet and the great of these is walk; for you can't get to a place to fish, you can't get to a place to bathe, you usually can't get to a place to play ball (well, what of it?) without walking to it. Just as if you never did anything else in the Army—just as though the experience were an entirely new one—you walk. And you walk to the end of the line, you collect a shirtful of grasshoppers and pore over a two months' old comic supplement from the States and snooze blissfully in consequence; out into the woods where, under cover, you can take off your blouse and go about with it over your arm without having an M.P. call you for it; down by the river, the side to dangle your feet in the historic stream after the manner of G.I.H.Q. made and provided—or, if the historic stream is deep enough (as it usually isn't) to jump in all over—you walk. And then you have to walk

back, and are usually ready and willing to get back, by evening chow-time.

SOME of the historic streams have fish in them. Some of our O.D.-d friends—perhaps you're one of them—haven't gotten over the juvenile fishing habit; so after a week of digging trenches and other things, they start Sunday right by delving for worms, pester the supply sergeant for twice, making M'sieur, who runs the general store in the store house on the corner, understand that it's a few old coots they were and they're out. Get anything? Sometimes, but rarely and poorly—for how can you entice fish when you can't speak their language? Still, a stray catch or two will give you credit for good intentions with the cook, for by producing a fish or two, the old cook's mess he can load it over them all the rest of the week and force them to eat ground on time to meals.

Fishing isn't a bad Sunday sport, as Sunday sports go; and, the nearer the sea you are, the better it is.

Of course, there are other places you can walk to besides the end of the swimming. The quiet pond in the river where it's just over quiet enough to fool the fish. There is usually a lot of history scattered around the French landscape right about where you are, and it's fairly good letter material to take in—if you don't locate it too accurately when writing home about it.

Unfortunately, however, it is usually up on top of hills and things, which makes for much hiking; and unfortunately, too, it usually has jealous guardians who have to be box-barraged with sons before they will open up and show it to you. At that, though, if you have the sons and the legs and the patience, it's as good a way as any to spend part of a Sunday—provided you come back and write home about it. No man in the A.E.F. has yet gone out to see an old castle or monastery just because he liked to.

If you have a ukulele, and the guy next you has a banjo, and the guy on the other side can play the new kind of guitar, the only by virtue of being the new Lieutenant's orderly, there is every reason to believe that you have the Sunday-a-problem solved—except for the old-fashioned soldiers who believe in sleeping while they have a chance, and are usually about being unusually satisfied.

If you haven't any of these things, the chances are that somebody will have a mouth organ, and you're off; that is, unless you're lucky enough to be within range of one of your own bands or a French one. Music always creeps into an A.E.F. Sunday, some-  
equipped with a collar similar to ours. As to that small patch pocket, we have the feeling that many a time they have prevented a man from carrying a lot of useless junk with him along the march and into the battle line. The best place, anyway, to carry the few necessities that one needs up front are the four pockets of the breeches, two in front, two on the hips. They are commodious enough to swallow the most luxurious battle line kit. The most unutilized looking American soldier we have seen in months was an officer who had rigged himself out in a coat of his own design, the bell pockets of which were bulging with heaven knows what. You know the national weakness for loading one's self down with all sorts of useless stuff. Of course, a big belt pocket would be a fine storage place for German helmets and other souvenirs of the front until they could be conveniently mailed back to Mabel. But that's no good reason for making boys' belt with the uniform, especially when there are many infinitely more important problems to be solved—one of them, by the way, being the defeat of the Boche.—Enron.]

## NOT AUTHORIZED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Can you inform me if there is any service stripe or campaign ribbon issued to American troops who have fought with the Allies previous to the entry of the United States into the war and who are now serving with American troops? If such is the case, could you inform me as to where the ribbon or stripe is to be obtained, and what is the number of the order permitting the wearing of this decoration?

WILLIAM H. PARR, 2nd Lt., F.A., U.S.R.

[The War Department has authorized no chevron or campaign badge to show service of Americans with the Allied armies prior to America's entry into the war.—Enron.]

now, sooner or later; much to the delight of the admiring inhabitants of the billet town, and to the relieving of the American chest.

Naturally, if the company's baseball outfit has arrived, and there are 18 men who are not on guard or kitchen or anything, there's only one thing to do with Sunday afternoon. (Dr. Kneeland, of the Lord's Day League, is not in France). Even if there are not 18 men free, even if there is no real bat, just nothing but a wagon tongue, fished right from under the stable sergeant's nose; even if there is nothing but an old, busted and rain-soaked indoor baseball, the outfield is there to do with Sunday afternoon, namely, Old Out Cat, with steel Stetsons for bases, and no gloves. On occasion, the outfield may be dispensed with, and two teams of six made up. On any occasion, the umpire can be eliminated.

If it rains, as it is just as like as not to do, the weather man of Europe being a pro-German and generally a skunk, there are the indoor pastimes of Sunday: Shirt-picking, reading, shaving, sock-changing, and oiling up the old gun. Lots of things get done on rainy Sundays in the A.E.F. (that never would get done at all, otherwise; so, perhaps, that's the mark about the weather man is a bit unfair).

But rain or no rain, the great and costly sport of writing home flourishes apace in every camp, in every rest billet, in every place where the A.E.F. lays down its pack. Censoring officers are said to dread Sunday nights almost as much as if they had to go to prayer-meeting.

There is always some kind of a church carrying on in the morning, whether under French or American auspices; that much is sure about an Army Sunday in France. There are always three squares a day, with a little extra tacked on at noon or night, to be obtained by the simple expedient of holding up a vacant mess-kit and an equally vacant face. There are always places to walk to, for one purpose or another, and always other people—either local or Army talent—with whom one may walk. And there most always is—and if there isn't, it's a damn shame and should be remedied at once—a place where you can write without having a baseball clipping off your ears, and the whereabouts for the writing process.

Oh, a Sunday in France, under Army auspices, isn't a bad Sunday; that is, as Sundays go and—oh, well, say it—as Armies go. It's not so very different, save for the chicken and ice cream at dinner and the Sunday paper all day, from some Sundays we have known back home.

W. F. R.

## WITH THE FIRST ONES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In your edition of June 14th there appeared a very interesting article concerning the sailing of the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Forces one year ago.

In one paragraph the outline of the units comprising this first contingent was given. The members of Base Hospital No. 18 are desirous of knowing whether or not you forgot that they were among that first contingent.

They sailed from New York harbor on June 14, 1917, aboard the U.S. Transport Finland in company with a regiment of Infantry.

We consider it a very great honor to have been in that first contingent and therefore feel that when the units comprising it are mentioned we should not be left out in the cold.

E. F. R.

## CANADA'S OWN DAY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: As an ex-Canadian I was delighted with your editorial regarding Dominion Day, but always thought that it came on July 1st until now. Speaking of natives here getting mixed up on American history, what do you think of an editor who confuses Victoria Day, May 24th, with Dominion Day, July 1st?

CHARLES H. SHERATON,  
1st Lieut., Q.M.C., N.A.

[You win, Lieutenant. The date in that editorial was hopelessly wrong, but that's the only thing in it we're going to take back.—Enron.]

## AMERICA IN FRANCE

## II—Picardy

Cantigny is an obscure old village less than an hour's walk from Montdidier. Though the walls of its chateau have looked down on many an invasion—in one century or another English, Spanish and German armies have fought through the countryside—and though it is set in a province rich in its memories of ancient France, Cantigny itself has found no great place in the pages of the French chronicles.

But its name is sure of a place in American history. For the village fell into the hands of the Germans during the great drive of March 21, and it was in recapturing it two months later that American troops made their first attack in force on a European battlefield.

Cantigny is in Picardy, the province which lay to the north of the lands of the Dukes of France—lay between Artois and Normandy and followed the waters of the Somme down to the sea. It was not until the end of the 15th century that the wily Louis XI added Picardy to the royal domain and so placed above the heart of France a stout bulwark that was destined to resist many an angry and savage blow.

## Picards Always Warriors

For Picardy—ardent Picardy, as the greatest of French historians has called it—has always been a battlefield and its people always warriors. The very towers and battlements of its peaceful convents give to its hillside the look of a country dotted with fortresses. Tradition says that the Picards owe their name to the *picque*, a long and wicked lance which was their favorite weapon.

France has had no greater fighters than the proud and gallant Picard captains, the *Sires de Coucy*, in whose *ron ne suis, ne prince, ne duc, ne sire de Coucy*, and the crumbling remnants of whose chateau was wondrously destroyed by the Germans in this war.

When Francis I raised his army to do battle with his foes in England and on the continent, one of his legions came from Picardy, and the first regiment of national infantry in France's history was the "Regiment de Picardie," created by Henry III in 1558.

Even in peace times the Picards fought. Nowhere else in France did the fight of the workers against all lordly injustice and oppression by the rich come so early. Nowhere else was the fight so hardy and so stubborn.

## Some Famous Picards

From Picardy came Condorcet, the philosopher and writer, who with much interest in the birth of the new republic in America, and who died in prison by his own hand in the days of the Reign of Terror.

From Picardy came Calvin, the leader France gave to the Reformation.

From Picardy came Camille Desmoulins, whose passionate eloquence on that famous July Sunday in 1789, when he hurled the crowds from a table in the Palais Royal gardens, stirred the wrath which spilled the first blood of the French revolution, and which two days later led to the storming and capture of the Bastille.

From Picardy came Peter the Hermit, the strange, swarthy little man who led the Peasants' Crusade, the first of the gallant expeditions which Christendom sent to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the desecrating hands of the Turks.

Barfleur and Montpelier, with long-lanced and bearded, rode on his mile from village to village, appealing to the crowd in churches and market places, and gathering in his wake a horde of 30,000—a grotesque rabble of peasant men, women and children, beggars, cutthroats, ne'er-do-wells and adventurers, who straggled across Europe as far as Asia Minor, where the Turks cut what was left of them to pieces.

In the days to come, when sightseers from America make a pilgrimage to the streets of Cantigny, they will find it no more than a good afternoon's walk up the road to Amiens, where Peter the Hermit was born.

## FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION  
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities.

SAMPLE SUREFIRE LETTERS, No. 1  
Copy, Fill in Blanks to Suit Yourself

France, July —

Well, as I promised you when you came down to camp a good — ago. I am writing to you regularly, every — about the life of "this man's army," "over here," as the boys so staunchly put it. Things have been pretty well straightened out now, and we have just taken over a long stretch of — from the —

They are mighty fine soldiers, those —, only they've got some awfully funny ways of putting things. For example, they say "—" when they mean "—" when they mean "—" when they mean "—" and so forth. But we get along fine with them, except that for the life of us we simply can't manage to drink their —

Not that we are doing very much of that sort of thing over here, because the Army rules are very strict and we get good warm — served to us — times a day to go with the — and — that form the greater part of our rations. Still, it isn't half as good as the — you used to make for me when I came around to see you on — evenings. And I have almost forgotten what your home-made — tastes like. Sometimes, when I think of you, — seems very far away. —

I wonder if you are going to much these days, and who is taking you to them. I hope it isn't some — who could have joined but didn't, or some guy in a — proof job that is hollering from the sidelines. It's a terrible world, ain't it — when you can't be in two places at once? But never mind; — as our — Allies say.

Well, give my best to your — and try to think a little of me if you can with all your — work on. And thank you again for those — you — ed for me; they've come in mighty handy. — As ever yours,

\*Those three dots can mean anything; good stuff.

## OLD AND NEW STYLE—NO. 2

In camp back home: Sir, Lieutenant Blank, U.S.R., reports to the Major for duty.

Over here: Sir, I am under orders to report here for work. Farther north, over here: Well, here I am, sir!

## REVEILLE IN THE LINE



Wondering what to put on next an all and grumpy anyway at having to march down the American soldier is—even as he is now in the very front is that he isn't scratching his head just "There's a reason"—out, out.

## LITTLE LESSONS IN AMERICAN

A FREE COURSE WITH SUCCESS GUARANTEED AFTER TEN MINUTES' STUDY

**AUTHOR'S NOTE.**—Did you ever take one of the Y.M.C.A. courses in French, 13 lessons, 15 francs? After you have mastered the language and have learned all about elision, you know that egg is "uhf," but three eggs are "trwa zeff." We have elision in American; e.g., "full house" is elided to "fullouse," and "this is it" to "thisizit."

**LESSON NO. 1.**—Translate into English the following American:—  
The loudest time gwanta th'office. I startenstups t'ree some stevedores bilda road. Wantha shovels workinella while. He dropst shovelsend "Abstusness, Abstusness!"

**LESSON NO. 2.**—Study the following translation of English into American:—  
**ENGLISH.**  
Why do you not write to me, dear, and so let me know that you are steadfast in your plighted troth? Alas, I fear lest your affection is fixed on some one—more charming shall I say? It is long since a message has come from across the seas to console and comfort me. When you parted from these shores, you declared that not an evening would pass without a letter or a note from you to your devoted MADAME.

**AMERICAN.**  
Heey, kiddo, why doncha droppla lineu mahn, huh? Amcha gonimake mahn honey bunch Jussasame axiem yours? Or have yuh double-essed a dame with beltion essed "face thee" to mah? If yuh'd lidd a can to mah, why dincha spill summin' on a spoon-need postul, huh? Before yuh crossin' board, you shoud let essed thevatin paper goodtime no more restoren billy dooz. Cummerest, yuh shoud let fill fill wiche sin U. S. cunim. Gelwice, I'm wiche. MADAM.

**LESSON NO. 3.**—Elide the following English into American:—  
All at once, When did you get your last pay? Come on, boys, it is time to get up. Count off. At rest. Let him up. Salute. Lights out.

**LESSON NO. 4.**—American can be written on a typewriter. Try this once on your Oliver:—  
Nowzhu time ferall good menta cumta th'aidit their party.

**LESSON NO. 5.**—French can be translated directly into American:—  
"Comment allez-vous?"  
"Très bien."  
"Bonne nuit, mademoiselle."  
"Toi kider, wherun goen?"  
"Combien?"  
"How mucht lilt?"  
"Au revoir."  
"St'long."  
"Avez-vous?"  
"Got teny?"

**LESSON NO. 6.**—Technical terms in American are difficult for English-speaking people:—  
**English.** Ford. **American.** Cnapner, or roadhouse.

**LESSON NO. 7.**—In sports American is widely employed, although English is understood by many athletes in the American Expeditionary Forces. Take this lesson to a ball game and translate the phrases into English:—  
Atta boy. He bingledit. Kill th'mup. C'mon in. Ah gwan, he's safe. Put t'over. Heesey. Nocken cold. Swatit. Huns.

**LESSON NO. 8.**—Here we come to

**IDENTIFICATION TAGS WILL BOTH BE ROUND**

"Each the Size of a Silver Half Dollar," Says New G.O.

You have got to wear around your neck from now on, if you haven't already, two aluminum identification tags. The difference from the old ones will be—if there is a difference in your case—that both of them be round, "each the size of a silver half dollar," as a new general order puts it. The old square ones (or as nearly square as they could be cut in a hurry) are going to go by the board.

Every officer and enlisted man of the A.E.F. and every civilian attached thereto, will wear the two tags, the second suspended from the first by a short piece of string or tape. In the case of officers, the tags will be stamped with the name, rank, regiment, corps or department of the wearer and the letters "U.S." either in such form as "U.S. Infantry," or "U.S. Air Service." In the case of the officer is not a member of an organization, corps or department, his tags will be stamped simply with letters, "U.S.A."

Enlisted men's tags will bear the wearer's name on one side, with the letters "U.S.A." The other side will bear his army serial number.

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## OFFICIAL BOUNCER FOR SHOW UP FRONT

American Aviator Chases Away Hun Flyer Who Tries to Butt in

In an open-air theater right back of the lines, sheltered from the rude gaze of dead-head Boche spectators by a muntling wood, some five companies of the — Infantry put on a real show the other day in honor of "The ladies, bless 'em." The Salvation Army sisters and the Y.M.C.A. women had done so much for the doughboys to take the curse off war that they felt they simply had to do something for them in return.

They put up a real stage, with Army blankets for curtains. They scared up a piano from somewhere—the piano detail won't tell, but the instrument had a German name on it. And they drafted all the musical, comical, linguistic and otherwise talent in the five companies to make the show a success—the rag-time dancer from C, "Lady Evelyn," the Tulsa-Tulsa dancer (in military life, B company's second cook), the stringed quartet, and, of course, the regimental band. To top it off, they got the chaplain and the colonel to speak from the stage, and the colonel took advantage of the auspicious occasion to tell them how good they were.

Toward the end of the program they heard machine gun firing—just like rain outside a regular theater, or like the "thunder from without" in "King Lear." Looking up toward and through the tree tops, they saw an American plane diving into a Flying Dutchman. Whereupon the aviator was there, christened the official bouncer for the open-air theater; and he did his bouncin' job well. The Boche put to flight, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the audience of 1,500 rose and went to its stations.

WHAT THE D STOOD FOR

LONDON, June 27.—A new play was found in the Army Headquarters' team when play was called in the game against the Northolt Air Service (A.E.F.) at Chelsea Saturday. After he had made a couple of humdinger catches, startled the grandstand with a few long throws, and got a few snatching swats at bat, people began to ask one another, "Who is the tall newcomer?"

He wore a white uniform with a "D" on it. Some one learned that the "D" stood for Detroit. Then came the sensational news that the player was Laflite, star twirler for Hugbie Jennings in 1910, 1911, 1912, and 1913, and later with the Brooklyn Federals.

Laflite is now an M.O.R.C. captain attached to the London base and will be seen in future games.

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23, Rue de la Paix and Place de l'Opéra

PARIS  
LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W.  
NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street

## DUTIABLE ARTICLES ARE NOT EXEMPTED

Not Even If a Soldier or a Sailor Ships Them Home

You know all that stuff you've been sending home—handkerchiefs, pillows, lace, statuettes, cathedrals, and the like? No, you can still send it, but—

You—or the folks you send it to—have got to pay duty on it.

That is, if you send anything dutiable home, don't think that just because you have A.E.F. on your address, that lets it go by duty free. It doesn't, not by a long shot.

You are hereby informed (through the medium of a G.I.Q. bulletin, if you won't be by us) that "there is no authority of law under which packages containing articles included in the dutiable list of the Tariff Act are exempt from duty, even though sent by soldiers or sailors in France to their friends or relatives in the United States."

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Comic Songs—Ballads—Piano Pieces or Sections—Gypsy Songs—Sketches—Patter—Comic Story Books—Recitations—Banjo Songs—Bridges—Waltzes—Electric—Bones—Make up—

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## AUSTRIA GROGGY AT END OF FOURTH

We used to celebrate the Fourth with Roman games, smoke and noise, with parties, dances, socials and a hundred other rustic joys.

## STALLING BANNED IN ARMY MATCHES

Real Honest Boxing Called For in American Training Camps

## AGGRESSIVE ATTACK LIKED

War Department Commission Discourages Backstepping and Defensive Tactics

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 27. — Real boxing matches, not the kind where one boxer and then the other stands back and waits for his opponent to do the leading and fighting while he stands back on the defensive, are the kind wanted in the Army training camps.

It is this kind of boxing that will aid the boxers in their real warfare, and the War Department's Commission in charge of camp activities has pronounced new boxing rules, putting a premium on aggressive attack as against defense and discouraging backstepping, covering up and other purely defensive tactics.

The time limit of the rounds for novices has been set at two minutes to encourage fast work, with four rounds as the standard except in divisional championships, when six rounds are authorized.

## Wolfgang-Lewis Styles Banned

The new rules have been adopted to do away with the famous Wolfgang style of cover up and the Ted Lewis style of tap and run away.

Wolfgang and his imitators frequently went through an entire round without landing more than one or two blows, always waiting for the other fellow to do the leading.

Ted Lewis' style is to dance around his man, occasionally send in a light tap and then dance away again.

## FULTON ONCE MORE BARRED FROM BOUT

Battle With Dempsey on Fourth Is Forbidden by Nutmeg Authorities

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 27. — Once more Fred Fulton has been barred from engaging in a boxing bout, Connecticut putting the ban on the proposed Fulton-Dempsey bout which was to have been staged at Danbury on July 4.

The managers of the two fighters are now trying to have the battle promoted elsewhere.

Fulton's recent refusal to engage in exhibition bouts for war funds has made him quite unpopular in both the East and West, and he will find it rough shodding in the future.

He declined to appear at a benefit show at San Francisco, and also at the Madison Square Garden, where the monster Red Cross show was staged.

Battling Levinsky, at Newark, N. J., easily defeated Charlie Weinert, the local heavyweight, in an eight round go.

## SPORTING COMMENT

Joe Wood's excellent work in the outfield for the Cubs and his high-class batting clinched a place for Smokey Joe on the club's payroll.

Wood played the outfield on the spring trip, but it was not until Grimes was taken ill that he got his chance. But there is nothing surprising about a star pitcher making good as an outfielder.

Joe Seymour pulled the same stunt only a few years back. Roger Bresnahan, who was a good pitcher one time and then became an outfielder and later a backstop, Benny Kauff started out as a twirler and catcher, but his batting record in his career in the field.

Robertson began his career as a pitcher and then went to the other guard. Benji Becker was another to pull the trick. Others who might be mentioned are Ed Grimes, Harry Hood, and Joe Connelly, who helped the Braves win the world's title in 1914.

Walter George, Harry Weller, George Sisler, who switched from a pitcher to first base, and Frank Baker, now with the Yankees.

One of the most talked of fighters back in the States today is Lou Tonder, the Philadelphia lightweight, and he is a popular sport in his home town.

In eight months Tonder has engaged in 13 battles winning four by K.O., one a referee's decision over Mills Jackson, the rounds, and the boys Tonder has beaten are Johnny Dundee, Tommy Tuohy, Frankie Calahan, Pete Hartley, Terry Brooks, Patsy Oline, Frankie Nelson, Frankie Britt, Rocky Kansas, Eddie Wallace and Willie Jackson.

The death of Frank Gotch, the world's wrestling champion, has resulted in discussion among A.E.F. followers of the sport as to the length of time that the Jew farmer held the title. Gotch won his title from Tom Jenkins 14 years ago at Bellingham, Wash., after a fierce encounter.

It was the second meeting of the pair, Jenkins having beaten Gotch in their first battle, when Gotch forced Jenkins to the limit. The second Gotch-Jenkins match was one of the roughest ever held for the title, both men resorting to dirty tactics. Gotch won with a half Nelson and croch hold, which put Jenkins to the mat. On the next fall Jenkins was disqualified for fouling. Referee Tom Davis deciding that the champion had deliberately fouled.

College athletics has seen the last of Elmer Oliphant, the star athlete, formerly with Purdue, but with West Point for the past four years. He was graduated as a lieutenant this month, and is now in the Army. Oliphant was prominent at Purdue, but at West Point he became a star. He is the only man ever graduated from West Point who won a letter in four sports during his term. He wears A's for football, basketball and track athletics. He was captain of the football team last year and led the baseball team made at West Point three years ago, and at basketball he has also shone. Last winter he played with the hockey team.

## LONGEST GAME IN A.E.F.

Companies B and D. — Ammunition Train, met in what is probably the longest game to date in the A.E.F., when they went 14 innings to a 2 to 2 tie. Train stopped the play.

After six scoreless innings Lawton, of B company, knocked out a home run. Hulscher followed with a single and scored on Wirth's long two bagger.

In their half of the seventh D company put Morgan and Ridgeway over for a couple of innings. For the next seven innings nobody scored. And then came the show. The score:—

Co. B . . . 00000020000000—2  
Co. D . . . 00000020000000—2

## WILLARD SQUEALED, ASSERTS FULTON

Plasterer Lays Claim to Crown When Match Is Cancelled

## SEEKS BOUT WITH DEMPSEY

Manager Would Go so Far as to Donate Whole Proceeds to War Benefit

Fred Fulton, who now claims that Jess Willard deliberately ran out of the match with him for July 4, through his manager, Mike Collins, has told today to the heavyweights, that he would like to see the announcement that Fulton will be ready to meet Jack Dempsey, the new western savior, in a title bout any time the inducements are right.

When Fulton was still awaiting the outcome of the struggle which resulted in him and Willard were matched for a bout, Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, kept the sporting writers busy printing his challenges to Fulton, but since the cancellation of the Willard-Fulton match, Kearns has been quiet.

Manager Collins, recently issued a statement in which he came out with the declaration that he would match the plasterer with Dempsey over any distance, from a 10-round no-decision bout to a 45-round title, whichever Dempsey preferred. He further declared that he would be willing to donate the entire purse, or a part of it, to some war benefit.

He also suggested that a monster benefit show be staged at Madison Square Garden, New York, with all the receipts going to the Red Cross or some other war fund.

## Willard Can't Hear 'Em

In this same deal, Collins announced that he would be willing to pit Fulton against Willard under the same conditions, and that if the champion did not accept, he would claim the title for Fulton.

Willard has paid no attention to this latest offer. He is on his new farm in Kansas, and it is doubtful if he will ever do the mits again. The Dempsey crowd will have to come across now, or the fight fans will think that Jack's manager did a bit of four-flushing when Fulton was tied up with the Willard match and couldn't accept his challenges.

Fulton's declaration is bearing some fruit, however. Dempsey's manager has declared his willingness to have his principal fight Fulton, but no terms have been named. New Haven and Danbury, Conn., promoters have offered to stage a match of this kind if it is arranged, while New York promoters think that if it is a benefit affair they may be able to pull it off, probably at one of the ball parks, where a monster crowd could be accommodated.

Up to the time of going to press, however, nothing definite has been done. Fighters nowadays are after the money, and the benefit part does not appeal to them very strongly.

## Not the Old Time Crowds

Benefit boxing shows, as a rule, do not attract the masses that the old time ones used to. Recently, at Milwaukee, Joe Welling, noted Chicago lightweight, now in the Navy, and Ritchie Mitchell, of Milwaukee, at the Great Lakes Training Station, were billed for a 10-round affair, a portion of the receipts to go to the "Pal Movement" fund.

Only about a year ago these two boys put up a slash-fifth, now with Mitchell's brother, Joe Connelly, who helped the Braves win the world's title in 1914.

Weller, George Sisler, who switched from a pitcher to first base, and Frank Baker, now with the Yankees.

Such was not the case, however. Despite copious advertising, all of which mentioned the fact that part of the gate receipts would go to a war fund, only a few fans came to the door.

The boys put up a great battle, Mitchell winning by a narrow margin.

Boxing fans are a peculiar lot of people. Whenever there is a benefit fight attached to a show, they imagine that it will be an exhibition affair and they stay away, but after the show is over and a sweat bout was put on, they invariably kick themselves for staying away and missing a great scrap.

Mitchell and Welling, in their bout, showed the highest class of fighting, and both should still be in line to give Benny Leonard a tough time for the lightweight crown. Welling came within an ace of landing a knockout win in the third round, when he put Ritchie down for a count of eight.

Mitchell proved himself a game boy when, after taking his medicine, he came back in great style, flinging the best kind of an uphill battle, and scoring enough points in the remaining rounds to outlive him to a slight shade. It was a close battle, many scribes calling it a draw.

## CHEVROLET WINS AGAIN

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 27.—Louis Chevrolet, the French motor man, won the 100-mile automobile race over the Chicago speedway, his time being 53min. 25sec., an average of 108 miles per hour.

Ralph Mulford was second, Ira Vail third, Denny Hickey fourth, and Oldfield fifth. Ralph De Palma lost eight miles through engine trouble and finished eighth in the race.

After the race, De Palma, in an exhibition, made the fastest time ever registered for a lap over the Chicago course, making an average speed of 115 3/4 miles per hour.

## TO TRAIN NAVY CREW

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 27.—Richard Gleadow, of Boston has again been engaged to act as trainer for the Annapolis crew.

## CO. C NOW ON TOP IN G.H.Q. LEAGUE

Win Over Field Clerks Ties Latter With Marines for Second Honors

## MENOSKY IS SHINING STAR

Former Washington Senator Fields Snappily and Hits at Right Minute

In a game watched by 3,000 spectators Co. C defeated the Field Clerks team by a score of 5 to 1 at G.H.Q. The Field Clerks scored their lone run in the first inning, and there was no more scoring until the seventh, when Co. C gathered all their runs.

Mike Menosky, late of the Washington American league team, was the star of the game. He ran in from the field and caught a home run, and with the bases filled in the seventh inning elated out a two-base hit.

Dixie Clark, who was in the box for the Field Clerks, had Co. C at his mercy with the exception of the seventh inning. Co. C's victory places them in the lead in the G.H.Q. league, with the Field Clerks and Marines tied for second place.

Musicians Yield to Lumberjacks Baseball was introduced to another part of France when an improvised team of ambitious lumberjacks gave the Cavalry Band a 6 to 1 beating. The game was called at the end of the fourth by the humane umpire.

The band, which came to entertain the timber boys, was not sure, and showed fine sportsmanship immediately after the slaughter by rendering a never-to-be-forgotten program.

Second Victory in Two Days In seven innings of free-for-all baseball, the Ambulance Company copied its second game within three days, defeating the Telegraph Battalion 10 to 9. In the fifth Burton pitched Seefeld for the wiggawags, and pitched fine ball. In the seventh the losers crammed the bases with none out, but Kramer worked out of a bad hole. The score:—

Tel. Bn. . . . . 0 1 2 2 0 2 — 9  
Amb. Co. . . . . 0 1 1 5 0 0 x—10  
Batteries: Tel. Bn., Seefeld, Burton and Balem. Pike, Amb. Co., Kramer and Cappel.

The Ambulance Company also defeated the Headquarters Troop, — Artillery, 9 to 6.

Third Victory in Row Co. E, — Infantry, won its third game in a row when it defeated the Ordnance 5 to 2.

The batters were as follows: Co. E, Corp. Jones, cf; Pvt. Wehnert, 1b; Pvt. Hamilton, ss; Corp. Young, lf; Pvt. Brough, 3b; Sgt. Weeber, rf; Pvt. Watson, 2b; Corp. Rader, c; Corp. Mobley, p. Ordnance, Harr, 3b; Hester, c; Reese, 2b; Kraft, 1b; Hannah, p; Dandover, 3b; Lipske, lf; Stonemeyer, ss; Barry, rf. The score:—

Co. E . . . . . 0 2 0 1 0 0 2 0 x—5  
Ordnance . . . . . 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 —2

The Ordnance Corps defeated the Aero Squadron by the score of 2 to 1. It was a pitchers' battle between Halloran, the Ordnance boys' racy right-hander, and the sorrel-topped Williamson, with the former having the edge.

In the seventh Tom Bieg caught hold of a fast one and when the dust cleared he had rounded the circuit for a home-run. The feature of the game was the lightning fielding of the score:—

Ordnance . . . . . 0 0 0 0 1 1 2 0 0 x—5  
Aero Squadron . . . . . 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 —1

Other A.E.F. Results  
G.H.Q. Field Clerks, 20; (M.C.C. 8, Base Hospital 12-12; Canadian Pay Corps, 5.

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## NEW GOAT GETTER TO WORRY PITCHERS

Bugler's Art Also Disturbs Batters With Hard Hitting Intentions

## DIAMOND FLASEHS

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Harry Lord is managing the Jersey City team in the International league. Bert Nichoff is making good with the Giants and the fans like his work. Jimmy Archer has surprised everyone by staging a come-back. He was passed up by all the major league clubs when the Cubs let him go. At Pittsburgh he is now the first catcher and is helping to keep the Pirates in the fight.

Milwaukee has two young players who are making good, Runner at second and Kuhn behind the bat.

Alex Reilly, now with Louisville, scored the winning run for the Colonels over the Kansas City Blues by stealing home.

Del Pratt fits in nicely in the New York Yankees infield at second, with Flip at first, Rockenbach at short, and Baker at third. Something unusual occurred in a game at St. Louis when George Sisler, who has been with the Browns, made two assists in ten seconds. He made two separate throws to first to get runner and in the cut the ball was dropped.

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MACDOUGAL & CO. ARNOLD STEWART Successor AMERICAN MILITARY TAILORS PARIS 1bis Rue Aubert Corner Rue de la Harpe Orders Executed in 48 Hours.

Our services at the disposal of American Officers requiring information of any description.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co. have the most comprehensive selection of Military Badge Jewelry. The Company will be pleased to submit designs for any American Army or Naval Badge required; or to send photographs or selections for approval.

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THE GREAT MILITARY OUTFITTERS KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.

FAMOUS 'KENBAR' TRENCH COAT The 'Kenbar' is a great favorite amongst Officers, and can be thoroughly relied upon. Guaranteed absolutely proof against any weather. Made from our noted treble-proofed 'KENBAR'—CORD. Lined throughout, proofed check, woolen and interlined oil fabric. Every detail so necessary for the strenuous wear in the trenches is embodied in this excellent Coat. The collar can be worn in four positions. The sleeves are made with reinforced elbows, and the skirt is cut full and fitted with cavalry gusset. The 'Kenbar' is the finest cut and best tailored Trench Coat in London. Cut with bagless sleeves and very easy armholes, and can easily be slipped on over a British Warm. Send your order at once mentioning only chest measurements taken over Service Jacket, and a perfect fit is guaranteed.

94/6 With detachable Pierce lining, 126/6. Supplied (as sketch) with detachable fur collar of Watford, 20/6 extra. Good quality Fleece Underclothes for wearing under Trench Coats at 35/6. These are greatly in demand, and very warm and cozy.

Barkers make a particular study of Officers' Khaki Drill Uniforms. The prices quoted below are extremely moderate and are for ready delivery. Our revised system of sizes will enable us to fit men of almost every proportion. Service Jacket . . . £1 17/6 Shorts . . . £1 1/2 Riding breeches . . . £1 12/6 Socks . . . 0 14/6 If desired, complete outfit made to order in 48 hours.

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BREECHES MAKERS Military Naval and Civil Tailors Quick Service to American Officers while overseas.

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If it's a matter of taste—the refreshing flavor of Colgate's is delicious.

If you are forgetful—Colgate's won't harden even if you forget to replace the cap.

If you want clean teeth brush them with Colgate's twice a day.

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## WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT FRITZ

-By WALLGREN



## HELPFUL HINTS.

HUN-PROOF HAIRCUT  
LATEST CAMOUFLAGE

Only the Top and Two Sergeants Escape Truck Co.'s Invention

## CROSS CLIPPED ON RED HEAD

Yankee Frighthfulness is Delight of Everyone Except Man Who Owns Machinery

Camouflage, like German barbarism, has no limits. We have camouflaged our destroyers to resemble ocean waves; our roads are disguised like green pastures; and even our guns lose their identity under the skillful brush of the camouflager. But the newest recruit in the ranks of the A.E.F. is the camouflaged haircut.

The new haircut was invented in a truck company of the Seventh Ammunition Train. The other night Private S. objected so strenuously and in such bad language to being tossed in a bucket that the ranking K.D. who at times has an almost Teutonic frame of mind, slipped up behind Private S. and ran the clippers across his dome.

The result was a wide trench between two fields of black bristles, and a delighted bunch of blanket tossers, a bloodthirsty Texas bandanna necker, and the resolution was carried.

**Company Clerk First Victim**

The first victim was the docile company clerk, who was ambushed, and emerged with a V clipped out of his hair. For more than an hour hair was flying and by taps every man in the company, except the Top and two sergeants, who locked themselves in a "private" billet, had a camouflaged hairclip.

Even the gentlemanly mess sergeant was clipped, and a big driver nearly lost an ear when the official clipper tried to engrave a V on his plate. Several ammunition men objected to the proceedings, but with no success.

The shell haulers are proud of their new haircuts. They say the V's, X's, crosses and trenches which have been clipped from their hair make a perfect camouflage. They are invisible from Hun airplanes, and when they take off their helmets to put on their gas-masks, there are no flashes of red, black or blonde hair to betray them.

**Perfect Safety for Him**

One red-headed driver says he can go anywhere in safety because the red cross clipped in his head will protect him. The paths across their heads are cool, and coolies can be isolated and hunted down, as the No Man's Lands between patches of hair can be easily noticed.

But the Skipper and the Top, who are always taking the joy out of life, say the haircuts look like Sherman's famous definition, and it is probable the camouflaged haircut will be gone before inspection. The Top is poring over his mossy books trying to find the regulation about keeping the hair cut and and beard trimmed.

But the man with the real howl is the company barber. He says the clipping has ruined his business, and he is looking for the man who stole his clippers.

## RIME OF THE PRAIRIE MARINER

He came all the way from Kansas  
Did the hero of these stanzas,  
Where the land is largely - very largely  
flat.  
And his ante-bellum notion  
Of a topsy-turvy ocean  
Was a puddle you could hide beneath  
your hat.

Just before the transport started  
And for Overseas departed,  
He was sure he'd have a safe and speedy  
trip.

He wore socks of extra thickness,  
Though he carried nothing heavy on his  
hip.

But his pains were unavailing,  
For he hung upon the railing  
From the moment they were out of sight  
of land.

It was not a time for laughter -  
And for quite a while thereafter  
He had nothing on his stomach but his  
hand.

When he started convalescing,  
He resumed his daily messing  
Without fearing every wavelet's rise  
and fall.  
But where'er the vessel drifted,  
Still the scene was never shifted -  
Just a circle full of water - that was all.

Then he thought of Kansas prairies  
And his Susies and his Marys,  
And he groaned in utter anguish and  
despair:  
"We're been moving every minute,  
But there's something phoney in  
it -  
'Cause the god-darned boat ain't getting  
anywhere!"

## CANNED WAR CRIES

If anybody tells me that he's out "to can the Kaiser", if any one should mention "driving Fritz o'er the Rhine", Right at his epiglottis in a moment I would fly, sir - No guy so ungrateful can be a friend of mine!

"The rocky road to Berlin" and "the fight of Might 'gainst Right". Such sentiments, repeated oft by lecturers and such, Will drive me in a frenzy out into the shelly night, With the fond hope of acquiring a wooden limb or crutch!

"Do our bit" and "do our darnedest", "slacker", "bomb-proof" and the rest Of the backwash and water-hole like a bullet from the Boche; "Crook the Crown Prince!" "Rein the Bertha!" - oh, they're all a blooming pest, And if they don't stop saying 'em, I'll squeal to General Foch.

"Ships will win the war, and aces" - I have heard that line before; "They shall not pass" - I weary of the finest of the bunch! They all were grand the first time, but, repeated o'er and o'er, The best of war-time slogans sure is bound to lose its punch.

Can't they issue us new sayings as they issue us new pants? Can't they put originality in patriotic spiels? Can't they think up something peppy, new, to get the boys in France, Or are we to be handed out the same old verbal deals? Our grub's the same from day to day, our clothes are all one cut, Our drills, and our policing with monotony are rife; Oh, I wish on those old war-cries that the trap-door firm would shut - They were grand once; but variety's the spice of Army life!

AUSSIES' SLANG  
MUCH LIKE OURS

But It's Well to Get on to One or Two Little Differences

"You're a fine lot of grafters," said the captain of a company of Australians to his men.

Did they get sore? No, they just beamed.

A Yank was listening. He had liked the speech.

"Great stuff your captain handed out," he said to an Aussie. "I shouldn't have liked to be called a grafter by my captain, but I suppose he was only kidding. Some speller anyway."

"Some what?" belittled the Aussie.

"Some speller," repeated the Yank in wonderment.

**Lot of Good Slang**

They had just cleared the ring and picked seconds when somebody butted in and spoiled a good fight by explaining.

A grafter, in the parlance of Australian troops - that is, Australians, or New Zealanders - is a worker, a hustler, a speller, also in Australian parlance is a crook, a jailbird. And now that Australians, New Zealanders and Americans are likely to see a good deal of each other as time goes on, it's well to know their definitions.

The Aussies have a lot of good slang. If you drink too much *via blanc*, you get sickened; if you court a young lady assiduously, you are smooching her. And on their way up through the Orient they picked up the Arabic (or what-ever it is) *backsheesh*, turned it into tuckshee, and apply it to anything issued free, such as tobacco. Bloke is Aussie for our word guy. We say pal, Tommy says mate. Aussie says chum.

Digger, which all Australians now call one another, was originally applied by the Australians to the New Zealanders for a particularly good piece of trench work done by the latter.

Staff Sergeant Hornbrook of the New Zealand E.F., lent by the New Zealanders to the A.E.F. in connection with prophylactic work, has set us right on these points of slang with different interpretations and promises to explain other and similar difficulties if he runs into any in his travels among us.

## THEY KNOW OUR WAYS

Formerly, when you went into the *maison des bains* (or whatever they do call a bath-house in a certain French town), you had to parlez-vous for quite a long time and then all you got was a tub that somebody had obviously used before, like the co-ed in the song. You had to parlez-vous for a towel and soap, and then all you got was a towel and piece of soap and a little towel that you wouldn't have used for a wash-cloth back home.

But now - now, the minute they spot your immaculate (loud ch-j-ers) uniform coming in the door, they politely inquire, "Shoore-bat, M'sieur?" And when you say "oui" they hand you a real cake of soap that will actually lather, and a Turkish towel that bristles like barbed wire and feels like a million dollars when you rub down with it. The shower, too, is real, and it seems like home. "The world do move."

And then, when you go into a restaurant. In the days before the arrival of the majority of the "first 300,000," you had to wonder all through the menu, and take a chance on your translation being right, and then be reduced to the ignominious process of pointing at the item on the card. Now, however, the minute you come in the door Madame or M'sieur boilers back to the cook, "Un American! pommes frites!" And all you have to do is to wait for it.

INSPECTOR GENERAL  
DISCIPLINARY CHIEF

Monthly Reports Will Be Submitted on All A.E.F. Commands

Discipline throughout the A.E.F. is henceforth to be under the supervision of the Inspector General's Department. In consequence, all questions and matters of discipline requiring the action of G.H.Q. will be referred to the Inspector General, A.E.F., for action in the name of the Commander-in-Chief.

All questions of discipline arising at the headquarters of armies, corps, divisions, the S.O.S. and the sections of the S.O.S., will be referred to the Inspector General, for appropriate action under the direction of his commander.

In addition, all inspectors general will submit monthly reports to the Inspector General, A.E.F., on the discipline of the commands to which they are assigned. Each of these reports will be made in duplicate, on the last day of each month. One copy will be forwarded to the Inspector General, A.E.F., and the other will be submitted to the immediate commander of the reporting office.

The report will embrace all data pertinent to the discipline of the command.

## HADN'T HE EARNED IT?

This happened at Scratchville-by-the-Sea. Lots of things happen there, but this is really out of the ordinary.

The major was making his inspection, weaving in and out among the "picked" men, when a wag called out: "Say, Doctor, don't you think I oughter get a decoration?"

"I don't know," retorted the dignitary, laughing; "why?"

"Well, it seems to me it's worth it. I just captured a cootie with seven service stripes on him!"

TELEPHONE FIENDS  
MUST CUT IT SHORT

Calls Limited to Six Minutes Save at Noon and Night

The Signal Corps is darn busy, and doesn't care who knows it. Its lines are carrying every day a heavy and increasing volume of long distance telephone calls; and, because of the limited number of circuits, a serious congestion of traffic is continually cropping up.

Since this is so, there's just been sprung on the telephone users amongst us a new set of rules, with G.H.Q. behind them. Billed down, they are:

No personal conversation over Signal Corps lines; all conversation as short as possible; each call limited to six minutes, except between 12 and 2 p.m., 7 p.m. and 9 a.m., when 15 minutes are allowed. These rules, of course, do not apply to preferred service calls.

Over French lines, the rules are that military long distance calls may be made subject to the official limitations of the calling station, and must not be over nine minutes long except for the two hours at noon and during the night, as outlined above. Again, personal conversations are forbidden.

The Signal Corps asks you to file telegrams, instead of using the telephone, whenever it is possible to do so. Talk won't win the war; ask the Kaiser - he ought to know.

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## NEXT TIME

An officer of the medical Department was paying his first visit to the front line trenches. A corporal from out Missouri way was standing on the fire step engaged in the pleasant pastime of sniping at whatever there was to snipe at. The Medic wandered by an open loophole in the parapet.

"Crack!" came from a German sniper across No Man's Land.

"Whang - ploopy!" The bullet came whizzing through the loophole and with a naughty thud splashed mud right on the Medic's new trench coat.

"Bang!" replied the corporal's rifle.

Deep silence reigned for ten seconds. Then the Medic picked himself up from his hands and knees and asked:

"Did you get him, Corporal?"

"No, sir," replied the Corp. "But if you'll just walk by that loophole again I'll sure get him next time."

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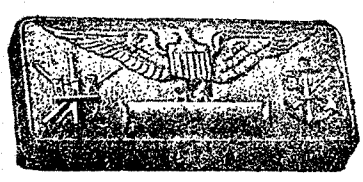
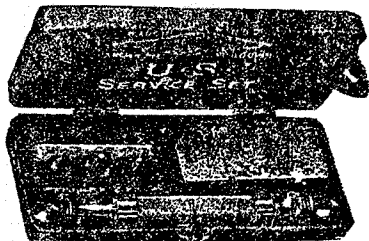
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## SUMMER DAYS IN THE AMERICAN SECTORS



There is such a thing as being tired; there is such a thing as being absolutely all in; and there is such a thing as going into battle so clean tickled out that, as soon as it's over—well, here's an instance.

In the gray dawn of the morning after the fight, a chaplain was walking over the scene of the encounter on a hunt for anyone, friend or foe, who might need help.

Lord snored attracted him. Sneaking cautiously in the direction of the sound—for even a Hun snore, the chaplain came upon a Marine lying in the shallow trench he had dug for himself with his head pillowed on level ground. He was sleeping the sleep of the fired warrior. And he was so soundly asleep that he didn't know, and wouldn't have cared if he had known, that four dead Germans were sprawled hither-and-thither across his legs.

Lying side by side at the dressing station, they were telling each other how they got there. Gas, shrapnel, gas and shrapnel, machine gun bullets—every refinement of war was represented in their disabilities.

Only a phone Artilleryman did not join in the exchange of experiences. Someone asked him why.

"Nothing happened to me," he said. "What are you doing here, then?"

"Stripped in a shell hole and sprained my ankle."

The attack had been made with a dash in the woods, and though it was not yet dawn, the Yanks were getting their breath in their new positions.

From his dugout which a late lamented Heine had borrowed, one of them spied something which another and less fortunate member of the bunch had regarded as so precious that he had carried it into the attack. It was a banjo, made out of a cigar box.

He crawled forward, crawled over dead men, got his hands on the trophy and retreated with it to his shelter. It was battered and two of the strings had snapped, but it in trilled merrily that whole nervous, crazed group were humming as he played:

"I wanta go back, I wanta go back, I wanta go back to the farm."

High officers of a certain unit are holding forth in a recently evacuated barn. The stalls have been removed and tables improvised. The men make make ideal racks for maps and documents. The only traces of the previous tenancy are three birds' nests in the rafters.

When the Army moved in, the birds displayed some uneasiness, but this passed in a day or two. Now there are four youngsters in each of the three nests. The three mothers and fatherly prouly about salting out through the windows now and then to return with a worm or two.

The food problem has been simplified by the officers, who, on returning from mess, never fail to bring scraps. Every morning now the pa and ma birds serve the officers with a song which sounds strangely like "I love the cows and chickens—this is the life—this is the life."

They belonged to a Marine outfit that had been 17 days in the line without taking their clothes off and without much sleep to speak of. On their way to their rest camp, instead of lying down and sleeping for a week or so, the eight of them made a little seven kilometer detour because they knew where a babbling stream took a curve that offered something most temptingly like the old swimming hole back home. And, Lord, how they wanted a bath!

The lieutenant was eyeing some of the new replacements. "They're the right stuff," he said. "I caught some of them rubbing dust

into their gas masks and rolling in the dirt to muss up their uniforms a bit. They have come up here into the jaws of death and the only thing they're afraid of is that some one will call them rookies."

The most valuable commodity at the front is matches. There comes a time when the last drop of gasoline or the last inch of tape is gone from the regiment's stores, and the conservative fellows known to have matches can be counted on the fingers of one hand. These become the most popular men in the command.

There is a case on record of one regiment which went three weeks on 12 boxes of matches. When these were gone some bold soldier discovered a way of knocking the ball out of a cartridge, pouring out the powder and lighting it. This lasted until some of the officers began to wonder where their ammunition was going.

Then someone found that a tent rope, ignited at one end, would smolder for hours. This worked until the supply sergeants found out about it.

Finally, a set of watches was arranged, and men were appointed whose duty it was to keep a light going for a certain number of hours. Everybody in the regiment is smoking without difficulty now, though there has been only that one carefully nourished light for a week.

This isn't a true story, but it's a favorite with the wags up front.

A German prisoner was being questioned, and the quiz finally led around to the whys and wherefores of the war. He was asked if he realized the great cause for which the Allies were fighting. "Certainly," he said. "The Italians are fighting to whip the Austrians; the French are fighting for their country; the British are fighting for the seas; and the Americans are fighting for souvenirs."

Following a night skirmish, a Yank appeared at a field dressing station. "Got a bullet in the leg," he declared. "Where?" asked the doctor.

"That's the funny thing about it," said the soldier. "I didn't feel it. I can't find it, and I walked all the way here, but my leg is all blood from the hip down."

"Come into the light," commanded the doctor.

Investigation disclosed a punctured—and empty—cannon. The water had seeped down the soldier's breeches, and he had decided that it was blood.

A battery of French seventy-fives, pressed to its maximum, can put over an astonishing number of shells. On one occasion such a battery, manned by Americans, fired steadily into a German position for half an hour. When it subsided the Infantry advanced and captured a German officer and four soldiers, all that were left of the German force.

The German officer was questioned by an intelligence officer. At the conclusion, he said:

"If it isn't asking too much, before you take me back, I'd like to see that three-hundred machine gun you fellows have got."

When the civil population left Xville, it took along with it everything it could. But it could not take its potted geraniums. The potted geraniums, how-

ever, still bloom in the red arbor of June. The Yanks see to that. Even dignified and not-to-be-trifled-with M.P.'s have been surreptitiously caught watering them.

They were loading up an ambulance for the long ride back from the field hospital. The patients were being classified into the customary groups of litter and sitting-down cases.

"How about you?" they asked a doughboy who had some shrapnel in his hip. "Can you walk?"

"Sure," he answered. "How far is it?"

"About 40 kilometers," he scratched his head as though he hated to be shown up. So they explained that they expected him to walk only as far as the ambulance.

The Y.M.C.A. man in the field frequently is the banker for his unit. One was standing alone at the side of a road five or six kilometers behind the lines. All his pockets were obviously overtaxed, and his coat was bulging so that only the lowermost and topmost buttons could connect with their corresponding buttonholes.

"It's money," he explained. "Money and watches. I've got 17 watches and 90,000 francs. The boys got paid before they went in and most of them turned it over to me. I was going up with the battalion, but they asked me to stay behind and watch their valuables."

Y.M. men also keep an emergency fund for change. There is only one thing that a soldier needs change for: 10 miles from the nearest store.

"Lemme have 20 francs in silver, please," requests one private.

"Can you give a 10 franc note for this chicken feed?" asks another.

"Sure," says the Y.M. man. "How's the back running?"

"Tough, ain't it?" he commented, as they lifted him into the ambulance.

"Oh, you're all right," said the corpsman cheerfully. "Just a couple of hunkers of shrapnel in a couple of places where a couple of hunkers of shrapnel can't do any harm."

"That ain't what's worrying me," explained the doughboy. "But here I am going back to a base hospital wounded, and the only Germans I've seen since I came to France were three prisoners."

They call them the Harrisons. There are six of them—the mother and five children, ranging from ten down to two.

They still cling to the little farmhouse where the children were born, even though the Hun tide has swept to within less than four kilometers of their home.

Guns boom about them all day; Boche planes circle overhead and are driven back; everyone around town wears steel stockings—everyone but the Harrisons.

It would probably be lonesome for

them if the Yanks weren't there. And it would be lonesome for the Yanks if the Harrisons weren't there.

An Air Service major who hasn't yet earned his first service chevrons—it isn't his fault—has won two wound stripes to make up for it. He took gas for one and had a Boche bullet hit him in the air for the other. Incidentally, he had enlisted as a private, and to gain the double wings had to have the age limit raised. He is 40 years old, a Spanish war veteran, with a woman brought back from the Philippines as a trophy and a big game hunter.

To an American engineer sergeant serving with the British belongs the distinction of having been wounded on each of three successive days—within a little more than 24 hours, in fact.

He was injured one night at 11:58, shrapnel pierced the ambulance in which he was being carried back and left him another memento.

At last he reached the hospital. Soon after the following midnight the hospital was bombed. The Engineer sergeant became a three-star, three-stripe casualty.

The Huns then gave him up as hopeless. At any rate, they haven't followed him any further.

Except on the night after pay-day, the life of an M.P. in the S.O.S. is pretty soft. When he has directed two newly arrived officers to the mairie, told another where he can get a good beef-steak and explained to a fourth that "for on consilite le Bullin" does not mean "Here you can confer with a boot-maker," he cuts it a day's work.

It is different up front. The M.P. on a shelled cross-road leads no life of idleness. He must be on his toes all the time, for he knows that if he misdirects

the Huns they will follow him.

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a passing automobile by so much as a single turning, that car is likely to drive into "Germany" and the A.E.F. be minus a perfectly good colonel or something. He knows, too, that the woods may be full of spies and that it is up to him to make the capture.

He serves four hours on and eight hours off, but there is no rest in the eight hours with the shells whistling overhead and occasionally crashing in on the pig-pen he had picked for his bed and begun to regard as home.

A report that a quite unidentifiable man, garbed as an American Lieutenant-colonel, was prowling through the territory south of Belleau Woods the other day, put every M.P. on his mettle and made utterly miserable the life of every bona-fide Lieutenant-colonel who ventured to put his nose out of his quarters during the next few days.

In no time the rumor was current throughout the sector that one M.P. had tracked the villain and brought him in, that the villain aforesaid had turned out

to be a spy of international fame, and that the lucky captor would be decorated and rewarded with a six months' furlough on Broadway.

Nowhere in the A.E.F. is the sense of

rumor so keen as at the front, and few of the senior divisions have not vibrated in response to the crazy report that they were all going to be ordered to America for exhibition purposes.

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